

Editorials

Opinions of Great Papers on Important Subjects.

MURDER BY TELEPHONE.

A CHICAGO man accused of killing his wife in a quarrel says that eavesdropping neighbors who based false gossip on telephone conversations on a party line with family friends caused the trouble which ended with his wife's death and his imprisonment. If his statement be true, the blame for his wife's death lies with the kind neighbors who eavesdropped. It is a case of murder by telephone.

Whether or not his statement be true, the fact remains that telephone eavesdropping is a very common habit and always likely to produce disastrous results. The offenders are mostly in residence districts, where listening to what the neighbors order from the butcher and grocer and keeping track of appointments made by loving young couples are favorite amusements of women who have nothing else to take up their time.

Those guilty are in the same category with persons who open letters not intended for their person, and the only difference between the listener at keyholes and the telephone sneak is that telephone sneaking is less likely to result in detection and punishment. This sort of thing ought to be stopped, and some day it will be.—Chicago Journal.

THE DIVORCE EVIL.

THE large number of divorces in the United States and the rate at which divorce is increasing are frequent topics of discussion, much of which is based upon slight or incomplete knowledge. The Bureau of the Census has, however, made it possible to judge the matter somewhat more accurately, for a bulletin has just been issued which covers the period between 1887 and 1900.

A previous investigation by the Bureau of Labor covered the period from 1867 to 1887. It is therefore now possible to consult figures which cover forty years of American life.

The first thing noted is that the marriage rate in this country is higher than in any other in which statistics upon the matter are preserved. It is also a fact that there are far fewer illegal unions between man and woman in America than in other countries.

This having been noted, it cannot be denied that divorces are astonishingly numerous, and are increasing. The rate of increase at the end of the forty-year period mentioned is three times as great as the increase in population; but even during the first decade under consideration—from 1870 to 1880—the rate was two and one-half times as great. At present, one couple in every twelve eventually secure a divorce. Twice as many legal separations are secured by wives as by husbands.

The cause of divorce most frequently assigned is desertion, and this calls attention to something that is not always considered in the study of divorce conditions in America—the fact that nearly all the unions between man and woman in this country are legal, from which the escape sought, if sought at all, must also be legal—in

other words, a divorce. In many foreign countries, on the other hand, although divorce is hard to secure, many unions are formed which, as they were not sanctioned by law, require no law to break, and therefore no divorce is recorded. Moreover, the very difficulty of securing divorce leads to large numbers of desertions and separations, which also never appear in the tables of divorce statistics.

More uniform and perhaps more stringent laws are needed in America, but the facts just referred to must be regarded as lightening to some degree a picture that is always painted in very sober colors.—Youth's Companion.

JAPAN AND WORLD CHANGES.

THE mind of the observer of to-day's events of Yokohama must inevitably recall the scene of fifty-five years ago, when Commodore Perry's little fleet of unwelcome visitors anchored in the Bay of Yeddo, tore the exclusive veil from the face of Japanese civilization and gave the impetus to that movement of national transformation which has been the wonder of the modern world. The contrast between the wooden paddlewheel steamers and sailing ships of 1853 and 1854, with which the Japanese were overawed, and compelled against their will to enter into communication with the West, and the steel-walled battleships of Admiral Sperry's command, to-day welcomed with lavish hospitality at the Japanese capital, is suggestive of the greater contrast between the international relationships of 1852 and of 1908. In the evolution of the modern warship from the primitive types of the Susquehanna and the Mississippi, then at the beginning of steam navigation, to the battleships of the American fleet, marvelous as it has been, there is no such stupendous change as that presented by Japan itself.—Philadelphia Public Ledger.

PISTOLS AND THE COURTS.

TOO many of our courts have temporized with crime and criminals. Some of the ablest and shrewdest lawyers have used their great talents, not to subvert, but to defeat, the ends of justice. If a criminal has influence or money or "pull" or nerve, he can clog the wheels of justice, if he does not completely throw them off the track. If our courts would put a stop to pettifoggery and the needless, interminable delays of the law, and insure the prompt execution of justice, instead of sitting supinely by and watching, with complacent nod, the defeat of justice, men would soon come to have a care as to how they put a bullet into the forehead or the heart of their fellow men. The rigid enforcement of laws against the carrying of concealed weapons and the education of public opinion to a higher appreciation of the value of human life will help to rid this country of a national disgrace that imperils the life of every man of prominence in the land.—Milwaukee Sentinel.

THE RULE OF THE ROAD.

"The first day in England," says an American traveler, "my heart jumped into my throat several times. Riding on top of a bus, the driver would always turn toward the left when we were about to pass another vehicle, and although I knew that that was the English custom, I held on tight and got shivers anticipating a collision every time. One morning I stepped up to a policeman at King's Cross, to get my bearings, and as he was disposed to be talkative, I kept him company.

"Among other things, I asked him whether there was any rule requiring pedestrians to keep to the left. No, he told me. It was only for the roadway that the rule held.

"I then asked him why it was that in England they always turned to the left, whereas in all other countries the rule was to turn to the right.

"Oh, it's very important to keep to the left," he said, seriously. I knew it was very important to observe the rule of the road, but why turn to the left?

"Well," he said, "I'll show you. Now you come here," and he led me to the middle of the roadway. "You see," he continued, "how the traffic moves along the two sides of the road?"

"Yes, I saw, and a pretty sight it was, too—a string of all sorts of conveyances coming toward us on our right, and another moving away from us on the left, as far as the eye could see.

"Well, now,"—and he was very impressive—"suppose you were driving along in the middle here, and another kerriage was coming the other way, and suppose you turned to the right, don't you see you would be getting in the way of all those vehicles?"

"Yes, I saw that.

"Well, that's why we always turn to the left."

"I learned afterward that the 'bob' expected a tip for all the information he had given me."

ENGLAND'S PERIL.

Lord Roberts, Her Greatest Soldier, Creates a Deep Sensation.

Lord Roberts, field marshal of the British army and the greatest of British generals, created a sensation during a recent debate in the House of Lords by saying that England needed an army of 1,000,000 men in order to be safe from invasion. He pointed out the comparative ease with which Germany could land an army on the shores of England and asserted that the defense of England needed immediate attention.

Vessels capable of accommodating 200,000 men always were available in the northern ports of Germany, he said, and as a result of the new German service law, 200,000 men could be collected in the districts of the nearest port without any trouble. The great German steamship lines were in constant practice in embarking and disembarking, and as the railroads were owned by the State all preliminaries, up to the actual dispatch of troops, could be carried out with the utmost secrecy.

Germany was perfectly aware, the field marshal went on, that it would be essential for her transports to evade the British fleet, and she could easily dis-



LORD ROBERTS.

landed on these shores they would be ready to help.

Lord Roberts contended that it was not absolutely essential for a nation to command the sea in order to carry out an invasion. A temporary local command would suffice, and this was perfectly understood in Germany. The main temptation to the invasion of Great Britain was the want of a home army, which ought to consist of a million men. Across the narrow sea were 90,000,000 Germans, who, by perseverance, industry, hard education and military training, had made themselves a great nation. They required outlets for their commerce and population.

That Great Britain's military weakness would in all probability be the cause of the loss of her naval supremacy was the conclusion reached by the field marshal.

BIG OUTLAY IN PANAMA.

Pay Roll of 1,434,000 a Month One of Its Significant Features.

When the canal zone concession was obtained from the Panamanian government it cost \$50,000,000 in cash. It has required \$75,000,000 more to dig the canal to its present point. Congress appropriated \$30,000,000 for the expenses of the year ended Dec. 31, 1908. Optimists place the total expense at \$300,000,000. Pessimists do not pause short of \$500,000,000, says a writer in Putnam's.

A pay roll of \$1,434,000 has to be met every month—in a year's time an expenditure exceeding \$17,000,000. This item for employing labor, remember, at the last census Uncle Sam was giv-

ing work to 31,924 men. It is costing anywhere from \$150,000 to \$250,000 a month to protect the health of Panama. In an average month the sanitary department costs \$200,000. The expenses of the civil administration present a monthly total of from \$33,000 to \$67,000. More than \$100,000 a month is being spent in municipal improvements.

A gingerbread trimming this? Perhaps, but it must be remembered that the Panama of to-day is literally built on a pile crust over a seething pesthole. Ten years ago some fifty men in every 1,000 were dying annually from the tropical death vapors.

About \$500,000 is spent annually for coal. Up to the present time over \$8,000,000 has been expended for new buildings. It requires about \$115,000 every twelve months to protect this property from fire. The expenses of equipment pass the \$1,000,000 mark every thirty days.

And so the money flies even as the dirt flies at Panama.

Hard on the General.

An old lady passed away at Caribbad, where she had gone for her health. Her nearest relation, a nephew, ordered her body to be sent home for burial—as was her last wish—in the quiet little country churchyard.

His surprise can be imagined when on the arrival of the coffin he opened it for a last look at the remains and found, instead of his Aunt Mary, the majestic form of an English general in full regiments, whom he remembered had chanced to die at the same time and place as his aunt.

At once he cabled to the general's heirs, explaining the situation and requesting instructions.

"Give the general quite a funeral. Aunt Mary interred to-day with full military honors, six brass bands, saluting guns."—The Bils.

Most Important Wars.

Perhaps the most important wars, from the standpoint of civilization and progress, were, first, the Greco-Persian war of 490 B. C., in which the oriental war was prevented from deluging Europe; second, the struggle between the Franks and the Moors, which ended at the battle of Tours with the defeat of the Moors, thus saving Europe from Mohammedanism and its stagnation; third, the Napoleonic wars, which shook up Europe, destroying the remnants of feudalism and paving the way for modern democracy, and the American war of 1861-65, which preserved the integrity of the great republic and so made it possible for the United States to work out its splendid destiny among the nations of the earth.—New York American.

Betting in the Nursery.

"Mamma," said her boy, "I just made a bet."

"What was it?" she asked.

"I bet Billy my cap against two shoe buttons that you'd give me a penny to get some apples with. You don't want me to lose my cap, do you?"

He got the penny.—Philadelphia Inquirer.

Ask a woman the measurement of her parlor and she will reply by telling how many card tables she can put in it.

If a man is financially weak he's unable to stand a loan.

WITCHCRAFT OF LUISENOS.

These California Indians Still Consult Their Shamans.

The culture of the Luiseno Indians is discussed by Philip Steedman Sparkman in one of the recent publications of the University of California. Sparkman, who was killed last year at his home at Rincon, near Valley Center, San Diego County, Cal., had for years spent much time in communication with the Luisenos of Rincon and vicinity. Among his papers was found the one dealing with the culture of these people, and it has been published without many alterations. He discusses the food of the Luisenos, their clothing, pottery, basketry, weapons, implements, games, and other matters which have a bearing on their manner of life. In telling about "Shamanism" (witchcraft) he says:

"As may be supposed, witchcraft is still much believed in, though not nearly so much as formerly. A person whose children are dying, even of such a disease as consumption, will imagine that some evilly disposed person is bewitching them. He will perhaps go to some wizard and ask him who is killing his children. The wizard will inform him that a certain person is doing so, and after this nothing will make the man believe otherwise.

"To bewitch a person it is considered necessary to get something belonging to his body, as a little of his hair, the parings of his nails, some of his blood, or a handkerchief that he has blown his nose in. For this reason it was formerly customary when one had his hair cut to carefully sweep every particle, carry it away, and bury it, for fear that some enemy might possess himself of it to bewitch him. Some follow this custom still.

"One method employed by the wizards is said to be to make small images of the people they wish to kill and to perform their incantations over them. It is said that such images have sometimes been found, either accidentally or in the house of a wizard after his death. Should the finder burn them the death of the wizard is said to follow invariably.

"The wizards, shamans, or medicine men, by whichever name they may be called, are nearly all doctors. An Indian has but little faith in medicine, but much more in the supernatural powers of the medicine men. It is a fact that the latter use remedies made from plants to some extent, but they rely mostly on shamanistic practices."—New York Post.



"Rastus, does Farmer Jones keep chickens?" "Well, boss, he do keep some 'em."

Maud—You have no idea how jealous my husband is, dear. Kitty (her dearest friend)—Pshaw, he's flattering you.

"The spirit of your husband wishes to speak with you, madam." "What does he say?" "He says that he doesn't have to dress in a cold room."—The Bohemian.

"When you get to Washington, son, don't you be afraid to work for the public service." "No, dad. It's the Secret Service I'm afraid of."—Cleveland Plain Dealer.

Irene—A girl shouldn't marry a man till she knows all about him. Evelyn—Good gracious! If she knew all about him she wouldn't marry him.—Philadelphia Inquirer.

May—The bride nearly fainted during the wedding, and had to be supported by her father until it was over. Jim—Yes, and now I hear her father is supporting both of them.

"Speaking of poetry, does the modern school make us think?" "Well, it makes us hustle for the dictionary, that is, those of us who have any curiosity at all."—Louisville Courier-Journal.

Tom—I ate some of the cake she made just to make myself solid. Dick—Did you succeed? Tom—I couldn't feel any more solid if I had eaten concrete or building stone.—Utica Herald.

Wiggins—I hear Jenkins has been very ill. Is he out of danger yet? Waggle—Well, he's convalescent; but he won't be out of danger until that pretty nurse who has been taking care of him has gone away.—Life.

Medical Student—What did you operate on that man for? Eminent Surgeon—Two hundred dollars. Medical Student—I mean, what did he have? Eminent Surgeon—Two hundred dollars.—The Christian Register.

Parke—I don't know what I am ever going to do with that boy of mine. He is careless and absolutely reckless of consequences, and doesn't seem to care for any one. Lane—Good! You can make a taxicab driver out of him.—Life.

Mrs. Murphy—Arrah! This Saturday night an' the electricity 's down, an' Timmy don't know whether he'll get his pay or not. Mrs. Flaherty—Here he comes home now. Mrs. Murphy—Worra! Then he ain't been paid!—Cleveland Leader.

Kind Friend—Hoppeck, let me introduce you to Professor Glass, the great hypnotist, who can put any one to sleep within two minutes after starting. Hoppeck—Glad to meet you, professor. Come, let me introduce you to my wife.—The Bohemian.

"You must do your best," said Mrs. Smith to the new cook. "My husband is very particular about the way his food is prepared." "Yesum," said the new cook, sympathetically; "ah! those men all alike! Now, I'll take my husband; I never was 'ble to cook anything to please him in all my life!"—Cleveland Leader.

Cause for Thanks.

When the burglar had bound the artist and put him in a chair he searched his studio.

"I don't see anything worth taking," he said by and by, "but this snuff of clothes."

"Thank goodness!" said the artist; "it's not paid for."

WINTER IN THE COUNTRY.

Just think of the farmers.
In mitts and pulse-warmers,
With frost on the whiskers and fluff on the nose!
And think of the hars
Around the wood fires,
Imbibing hard cider and toasting their toes!

And think of the slaying
And scalding and flaying
Of quarter-ton porkers just rolling in fat!
And think of them makin'
The fitch and the bacon,
The sausages, spare-ribs, the hams and all that!

It's really a pity
To live in the city,
Where snowdrifts are black and rheumatics reside,
When villages handy
Are having a dandy
Old winter with genuine snow on the side.

And here it is raining
And folks are complaining
Of hard and soft colds, influenza and gripe!
It's really a pity
To live in the city,
Where winter is nothing but slush, stop and slip.

—Pittsburg Gazette.

THE WELL IN THE DESERT



as if a very fiend had been goading at their backs.

Blake was there. When Maynard confronted him at last, he read with clearness the meaning of the cold, hard gleam that played in his former partner's eyes.

"How's this?" he said. "Are you working here now for Folger & Company, who bought our lease?"

"Don't try to get funny, Maynard," said his former friend. "You're a quitter; you've got a streak of yellow in your blood. I got on, that's all, and took up the lease myself."

"I see," said Maynard, coolly enough, aware of his helpless position. "And also, if I remember correctly, Blake, you were the one who always had the assays made, and you always reported no gold."

When the word went round that Howard Blake had cleaned up and sacked fully eighty thousand dollars' worth of ore, and that he and the rock would go out together on a freighter to the railroad, a solitary horseman rode promptly forth from Gold Circle camp to the station in the middle of the desert. It was Maynard, come a day ahead of Blake, who would ride on a load of golden ore. Aye, it was Maynard, grim and hardened, and with something of exceptional importance to discuss with the man who owned the well.

That night the man leased the well and station to Maynard for a period of 48 hours, and riding away to enjoy his brief vacation, he left the new-made proprietor alone in full possession.

In the morning the teamsters who watered their stock at the trough made settlement with Maynard and went their way, to brave the heat and dust that would lodge upon them all day long, like unembodied things of prey. Maynard began to wait.

The morning passed; the heat of the sun was intense. Not a breath of air was stirring on the desert. In the afternoon there was a cloud of dust on the road, so far away southward in the level desolation that it seemed a mere blur on the landscape.

The dust cloud centered all Maynard's faculties. At length wagons, two of them, hitched one behind the other, were almost upon the station—and Blake was not in sight. Maynard's heart sank. The horses were halted before the place. A team more utterly exhausted, more nearly famished for drink, had never arrived at the well. Their load was extra heavy; the heat had drunk up and dried out their very vitality.

The driver, like a figure modelled in dust, stiffly alighted from the night-wheel animal. He was a small, thin-faced man, nearly fifty years of age. Then up from a resting place in the foremost wagon rose a second human form. It was Blake; and the small, ugly socks piled on the wagons contained the gold he had snatched from a cleft in the adamant.

Maynard waited where he stood, quietly, Blake had not yet beheld him. "You might as well git out," said the teamster to his passenger. "We stay all night and water and feed the stock." Maynard stepped forward to the teamster's side, unobserved by Blake. "You'll water your team—I think you said?" he inquired hoarsely.

"Water 'em? Don't you see they're near droppin'?" answered the teamster. "I own the place," said Maynard. "The price of watering here at this station will be two thousand dollars a head for every one of your twenty horses."

The man stared at him blankly. "Two thou—? Say, are you crazy?" he said. Then he cried out shrilly: "Here, Mr. Blake, come here and listen to this here racket! This feller says he's got to charge me two thousand dollars a head to wet the stock."

Blake came up actively. In his conning of dust he loomed larger than usual. His eyes were glowing almost savagely. "What are you talking about?" he demanded. "Who—?"

His eyes met Maynard's. A paleness came upon his face at sight of his former partner, confronting him here in the desert.

Blake's face was distorted with sudden rage. "This is robbery!" he cried. "You don't get an ounce of the ore I've got on the load!"

"Robbery?" said Maynard. "I call it part of the game. You've heard the price. Pull out without watering if you can."

"Yes, I will. I'll go on without the water!" roared Blake in his wrath. "Brown, get up and start along!"

"None. No twenty dead horses for me," said the teamster. "You and the ore and me and the carcasses would land maybe five miles further up the road."

"It's up to you, Blake," said Maynard quietly. "And don't reckon on finding me a quitter."

"I'll fix you for this!" cried Blake,

suddenly whipping out a pistol. Maynard launched himself forward and hurled the revolver to the ground. Then he caught it up, and thrusting it into his pocket.

The harness was all upon the ground. Blake could see for himself that the horses were barely able to stand. They were led to a long, empty manger in the enclosure, and secured there side by side. They were pitiable objects for the lack of drink.

The sun went down. Blake, near the wagons, and Maynard, near the well, saw the shades of twilight creep athwart the desert. The battle had begun. On Maynard's part the game was one of alertness and waiting. The night came on and the moon rose. Maynard remained on guard beside the well. Out by his famishing horses Brown made his bed. From time to time he petted and spoke to his animals, and they mutely begged and pleaded for water. Blake paced up and down, near his cargo of ore.

The desert stillness came across the world. Maynard was suffering intensely. All the heat in his nature had cooled and left him passionless and self-accusing. The plight of the helpless horses was nearly driving the man insane. He fought a mighty battle with himself, alone there in the moonlight. He had been shamelessly robbed. He felt entitled to his vengeance, his price for the water. The trick was in his grasp; the game was his own. But those horses, innocent of any wrong, faithful unto the end, patient, enduring, dumb—they were undergoing untold agonies, with the cool scent of water in their nostrils.

Maynard could endure no more. His grimness vanished abruptly, and compassion took its place. All the wealth in Ophir, all the vengeance of hades, could not have assuaged his mental and bodily anguish. Quickly, but silently and stealthily, as one who commits a deed forbidden, he hastened to the manger, untied a pair of the horses and led them to the trough. And the way they drank made him sick and faint with shame. Then eagerly he led another and another pair, till all had filled their grateful bodies and thanked him with their eyes.

He fed them then, and his heart was swelling with ecstasy and pain as he watched them eat the hay and munch the grain with which he supplied their boxes. He sat on a plank near by, to listen like a boy to the comfortable sounds that they made; and a vision of Helen Woodruff's eyes came out of the desert somewhere and brought him infinite peace. It was there that the pale moon left him, when it sank behind the desert's edge. It was there the sun discovered him when it rose above the hills. He was fast asleep, leaning against a post.

Somewhat after 5 o'clock in the morning he was finally awakened by the sounds of heavy bundles falling to the earth. He started to his feet and glanced across the intervening space between himself and Blake's two loaded wagons. The sight that met his gaze was unbelievable. Blake himself was on one of the loads, laboriously hurling sack after sack of the precious ore to a heap upon the ground.

Slowly Maynard approached the place. "Howard," he said in his old-time way, "you needn't pay the price. The team has been watered."

Blake stood up among the sacks, and looked down at his former partner peculiarly. "I know," he said. "I wasn't asleep. I saw it all. But thank God, Val, I had already made up my mind to give in and admit that half the gold belonged to you by rights. You're squarer than I am—and better stuff."

He heaved off two more sacks, and added, "Don't ask me to tell you what a low-down cad I've been; we both know—that's enough."

An uneven pyramid, comprising one more than half the sacks of gold bearing rock, was heaped upon the earth, and Blake descended from the wagon. He came to Maynard courageously.

"Here's a letter of yours I opened and kept," he confessed doggedly, and he held out the letter that Helen Woodruff had sent to the man she loved.

Maynard took it in wonder.

"Don't read it—for a few minutes—please," Blake requested, his face suffused, then deathly pale. "I hope—I wish you'd shake."

Maynard could make no answer. He merely took the outstretched hand in his own and gave it a long, steady grip. And half an hour later he stood alone by the well, watching where the twenty willing horses plodded away across the desert, drawing the wagons that held only half their former load. And Blake, looming tall and erect on some of the ugly sacks, waved him farewell from the rising cloud of dust.—Montreal Star.

Clearing It Up.

"To which is a man more closely related," said the genealogist, "his first divorced wife's second husband or his present wife's first divorced husband?"

"So far as I can see, one tie is about as close as the other," said a thoughtful friend.

"So I should say," said the genealogist, "but Billy Bowen must have figured out a difference. Anyhow, when his first wife's second husband died Billy went to a ball game, but when his present wife's first husband died he went into mourning. I can't understand that."

"I can," said the thoughtful friend. "Billy's present wife was on the point of divorcing him so she could remarry her first husband. Now that he is dead she has decided to stick to Billy."

"Ah!" said the genealogist.—New York Press.

To Be Sure.

"Even a street car company," moralized the smoker on the front platform, "sometimes deserves credit for politeness. That sign up there, for instance, 'Motormen must not talk to passengers,' is merely a polite way of serving notice on the passengers that they must not talk to the motorman."

It's only a matter of time until a white lie takes on a somber hue.

How an ignorant man does enjoy finding me a quitter!